Are Women People?

By Alice Duer Miller.

THE WORDS.

(With the Usual Apologies.)

Hear the statesmen's eloquence,
How immense!
What a world of merriment at very small expense!
How the phrases flow and flatter
In the Senate's stuffy air!
How they dance and prance and patter,
And the meaning doesn't matter,
For there isn't any there;
Just a phrase, phrase, phrase,
In a sort of misty maze,
That might just as well be written in the language of the Kurds.
There are words, words, words, words,
Words, words, words,
There is really nothing there except the words.

RHETORIC FOR SCHOOLS.

Elegant Extracts from Great Speeches.

I.

"I honor and respect woman. I recognize her in many ways as the superior of man. She has peopled the earth with men, the heavens with stars, and the sea with living things."—Senator E. R. Brown.

N. B.—Elementary classes will note only rhythm and balance of sentence structure; deciphering of meaning should be left to higher grades in biology and astronomy.

II.

"Remember what Circe did when she got men under her control—she turned them into swine and drove them over a precipice."—Senator Henry M. Sage.

N. B.—This is a passage from Sage's Celebrated Composite Classics. Students should note the delicate blending of Bible parable and Greek myth, so that it is almost impossible to tell where one begins and the other leaves off.

Le Morte Danti.

By Our Own Sir Thomas Malory.

NOW, it grieved Sir Elonar passing sore that the lady Woman Suffrage was come out of her cave. So went he to take counsel of a Sage which is called Merlin in the French book, but in our tongue Henry. Alas, Sir Sage, said Sir Elonar, what may we now do for to slay this foul sorceress, for it seemeth that many are assotted upon her?

Chapter XXVIII. How Sir Elonar Asked Counsel of a Sage and How the Sage Spake to the Knights.

By my head, said the Sage, this will we do; we will show these faint-hearted knights how that she hath cast a spell upon them. Right so rose the Sage in the hall of the knights and said: Sirs, wit ye well why this foul sorceress is scaped out of her cave, for that she hath cast a spell upon you that by no means whatsoever may ye say nay to aught that she asketh ye; but because ye have yielded against your beliefs will ye be little holpen; for ill fareth it with any man when a sorceress hath done such a craft that she hath laid an enchantment upon him. Then did all the knights tremble at the words of the Sage, for they were wonderly afeared of spells.

THE SENATE SONG-BOOK.

I.

(To be sung to the tune of "Johnny's So Long at the Fair.")

O, dear, what can the matter be?
O, dear, what can the matter be?
O, dear, what can the matter be?
Senators cannot say "No."

They promised the antis they'd certainly slay it,
They promised the others they would not betray it,
They promised their leader they'd let him delay it,
For Senators cannot say "No."

Overheard in the Anti Training School.

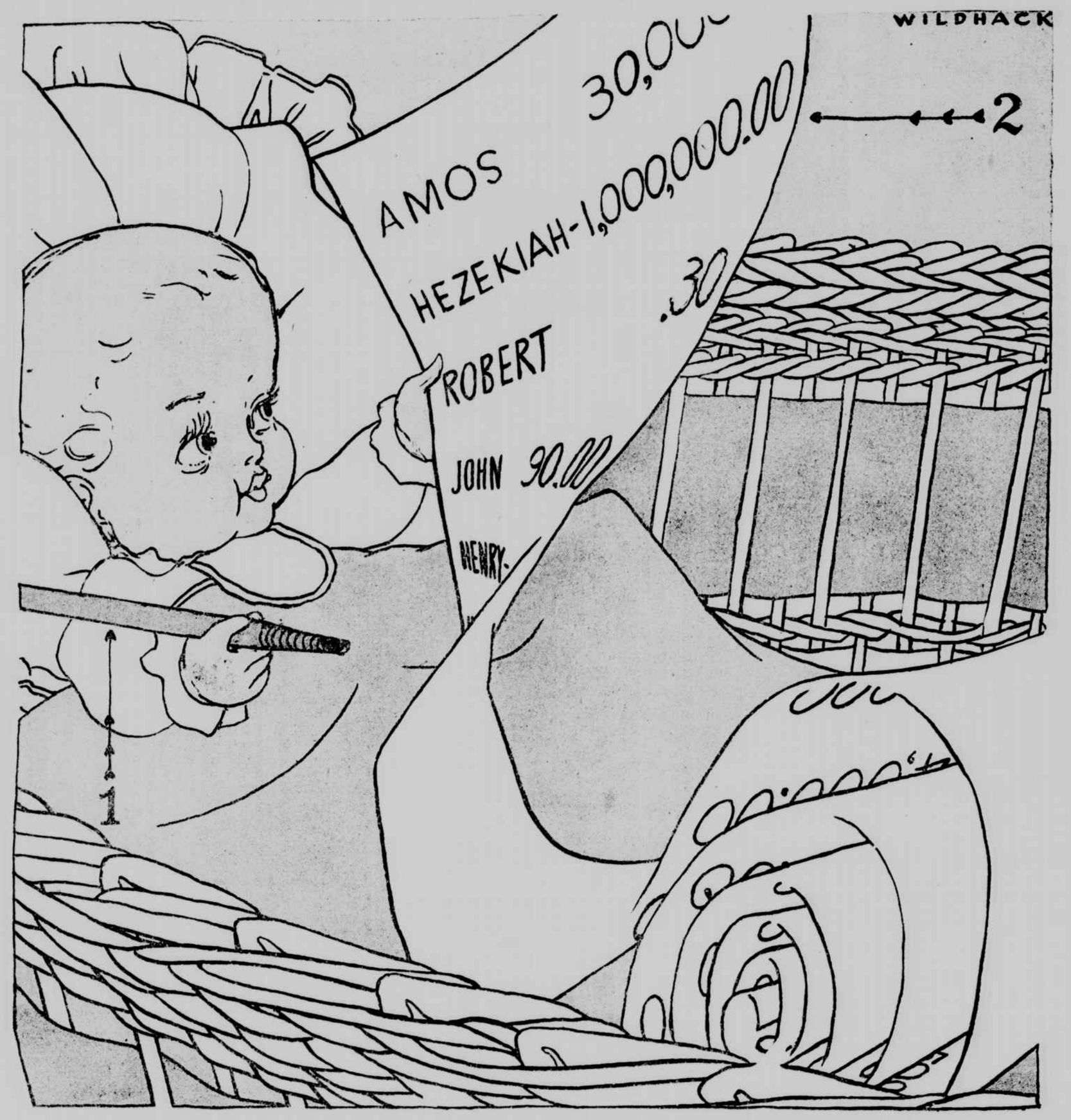
QUESTION: The woman-suffrage State of Colorado failed in one instance to pay its debts punctually, although it has long since settled in full. Does this constitute a valid argument against woman suffrage?

ANSWER: It most certainly does.

QUESTION: The manhood suffrage states of Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, Minnesota, Michigan, Virginia and West Virginia have at various times repudiated their state debts, and in most cases this repudiation has not been made good. Does this constitute a valid argument against manhood suffrage?

ANSWER: Certainly not. By the mere suggestion you show yourself illogical, uninformed and full of sex-antagonism.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY—By Robert J. Wildhack



II—START RIGHT

To win success in any game,
A lot depends upon a name;
So name yourself for some one who
Might make a favorite heir of you.
In this, as in each other Art,
You cannot be too young to start.

1. Make X Indicating Choice
2. Gold Spoon.

The Tribune Magazine Book Review

SPALDING'S OFFICIAL BASEBALL RECORD. Edited by John B. Foster; compiled by Charles D. White. Paper, 12mo, pp. 166, xxxi. American Sports Publishing Company, New York, 1916. 25c. net.

"OF THE making of books," some shrewd observer has said, "there is no end." If any proof were needed of the profound truth of this apparently flippant *mot*, it would be found in the unvarying periodicity with which our most popular authors produce their works. From men such as Harold Bell Wright and Joseph Conrad, for instance, a new book may confidently be expected annually; similarly, an army of readers look to the authors of *Spalding's Official Baseball Record* for a new volume in this stirring series every year. Nineteen-sixteen will not find them disappointed.

Those who are already familiar with Messrs. Foster and White's earlier books, such as *Spalding's Official Baseball Record* for 1914 and *Spalding's Official Baseball Record* for 1915, will find in the present volume the same elements that have hitherto made their work so popular. Indeed, were one inclined to cavil, one might animadvert upon the fact that the authors, having ascertained by long experience just what factors in a book of this sort are likely to receive the stamp of popular approval, have seemingly reduced those factors to a formula, and have taken little pains to invent new situations or introduce new types. Then, too, the book shows unmistakable symptoms of haste in its preparation. Certain situations are repeated with little or no effort to disguise the repetition. To cite instances:

Page 17 (top): "Cobb stole four bases for Detroit against New York."

Page 17 (bottom): "Cobb, Detroit, stole home against New York."

Page 19 (top): "Cobb stole three bases against Boston."

Page 19 (bottom): "Cobb stole home against St. Louis."

Page 30: "Cobb stole his ninety-sixth base."

Obviously, this effect of monotony might have been avoided by more careful craftsmanship. The insertion of the names of other characters, for example, would have served at least partially to conceal the sameness of the incidents. On the other hand, one must not censure the authors too severely for such minor slips, nor must one complain if their work tends to smack of the *cliché*; for they would probably be the first to disclaim any intention on their part of producing an enduring art work. Their mission is to entertain, to furnish harmless diversion; small blame to them, therefore, if they hesitate to experiment with the *outré* and *auserordentlich* when the conventional serves them so well.

In point of literary style the authors show a distinct advance in their art. The influence of Ring W. Lardner is interestingly evident in such passages as, "Scott had went out on a pop fly to Bancroft"—proof that Messrs. Foster and White are fully *en rapport* with the modern trend of literary tendencies. Nor is their work without subtlety. Here are three significant passages:

"1863—Home base . . . required to be marked with an iron plate." . . .

"1872—Home plate changed from iron to white marble or stone."

"1887—Home base marble dropped and only white rubber . . . allowed."

Find, if you can, a neater way of hinting at the growing intellectuality among players and the ultimate entrance of the college man into baseball!

There is one stylistic feature which seems to the present reviewer to be a mistake. Throughout many pages the authors, abandoning their usual crisp prose, drop into a style of which the following lines are an example:

Name and Club.	G.	Po.	A.	E.	PC.
"Baumann, N. Y..	19	26	24	1	.980
Connolly, Wash ...	24	30	34	2	.970
Turner, Cleveland..	20	10	54	2	.970
Vitt, Detroit 151	191	324	19	.964"—etc.	

This is obviously a harking back to the style of the "begat" chapters of the Old Testament and the catalogue of the ships in the Iliad. It is an interesting experiment, no doubt, and is effective in giving an archaic flavor to the book; but the authors have overdone it. In devoting to such a style one-half of a book of nearly five hundred pages they have allowed enthusiasm to run away with discretion. Frankly, the thing becomes a bit of a bore. Moreover, one cannot escape a sense of artificiality, of straining away from the expected and natural. When one reads such lines as

"Baumann,
Connolly,
Turner,
Vitt,"

one would naturally expect some such antistrophic quatrain as

"All were
There with a
Timely
Hit,"

and to avoid it leaves the mind of the reader frustrated and uneasy. Merely to shrink from the obvious is not necessarily to be original.

However, all these are but minor flaws in an otherwise interesting and well-knit fabric. Influenced doubtless by Arnold Bennett, the authors have written the *Record* as a trilogy. Part I is entitled "Major and Minor League Records of 1915"; the story is continued in Part II, "Important Records of Previous Years," and reaches its conclusion in Part III, "Collegiate Baseball Records." With the very first paragraph of Part I the reader is in the midst of the action:

"DECEMBER, 1914.

"31—New York American League Club was sold to Col. J. J. Ruppert and Capt. T. L. Huston. Consideration not made public. William Donovan was made club manager. —Affairs of Charles W. Somers, Cleveland club, were placed in the hands of a committee of bankers.—William Carrigan, manager Boston A. L., married Miss Beulah Bartlett, Lewiston, Me."

Here we have the familiar Foster-White literary ingredients: mystery, adventure, money, and romance—surely an irresistible combination. From now on the plot moves swiftly, relieved ever and anon by touches of sly humor, such as: "Doyle, New York N. L., caught a return throw from a long fly while running bases." An added mystery is introduced early in the book—on page 25, to be exact—where it develops that "Quigley, National League umpire, was injured by gas explosion." The sophisticated and over-hasty reader might readily be led to suspect the presence of "Johnny Evers," a familiar character in some of the earlier books; however, the authors are too experienced in the art of storytelling to "give away" (as the popular slang of the day has it) their plot in so transparent a fashion. The ultimate solution of the mystery, which it would be unfair to both authors and reader to reveal here, comes as a complete surprise.

The illustrations are numerous and unusually well handled. The artist (name not given) shows a fondness for large groups, many of them containing as many as twenty-one figures. There is a tasteful and spirited cover, in color, by one of our most prominent engraving concerns.

Poets and Critics

By Amy Lowell.

At the banquet of the Authors' League of America, held last Tuesday evening at the Plaza, Miss Lowell said in part:

IT IS really surprising what a number of young men and women are devoting themselves to poetry. And here "devoting" is not a figure of speech; it is a fact. For of all poorly paid work, poetry is surely the worst paid.

In a recent interview in "The New York Times" I am quoted as saying that I wished that no man could expect to make a living by literature, that I wished our magazines did not pay for contributions. Now, I did say both of these things, but in the cold impersonality of print without explanatory phrases, they sound quite differently from what I intended. One moment I regret that poetry is underpaid; the next I desire that it be not paid at all. How reconcile these two propositions? The reconciliation is not so far to seek, after all. There are plenty of analogies to be drawn from life, lying to our hand.

If I say: It is undesirable that any one should spend his life as a jailer to criminals, the proposition obtains immediate consent. If I say: It is most desirable that the grade of jailers be raised so that only men of high quality hold these responsible positions, that proposition also admits of no adverse opinion. The reconciliation lies in the qualifying admission that circumstances being as they are some modifying of each proposition has got to be made. Again, most of us abhor militarism, but most of us believe in the necessity of preparedness.

My statement about the payment of poets is quite simple of application. I regret the necessity of art trafficking itself for dollars and cents. I regret that the world misconceives the value of art so greatly as universally to underpay it. Other arts eventually become self-supporting; poetry practically never does. And here my strange paradox brings me back again, for to this failure of the golden lure I believe we owe it that poetry is so single-minded, so prone to follow out its own dreams unhindered by public opinion.

Also, I am not aware that I have said anything against the poet earning his living by some other work than that of poetry. History has shown us many examples of poets of the first rank filling practical positions at the same time. Chaucer was a hard-worked magistrate; Shakespeare was an actor and hack playwright to a popular theatre; Spenser was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland; Mallarmé was professor of English in a boys' school; Samain was a government functionary; I could go on enumerating such cases.

To take a momentary glance at other arts, we have only to remember that Pierre Loti and Rimsky-Korsakoff were naval officers, and that other great Russian composer, Borodine, was a physician and of unusual eminence in his profession.

No, it is only the minor poets who are too unpractical to do anything else well, I am convinced. When I suggested that poetry should not be paid I had no such idea as that poets should starve in a garret on a crust of bread. I expected them, rather, to make a living in some other way, which should remove them from the necessity of lowering their art to the tastes of that part of the public which pays well for its pleasures. But, indeed, so gayly have poets flung aside this temptation that it can hardly be considered as such at all. They have certainly earned the right to better payment, if strenuous, self-sacrificing endeavor constitutes a right.

But how shall they get this pay? What will make the public read poetry and care for it as they do for fiction? Perhaps it is a beautiful dream to suppose that they will ever care for it as much as that, the great mass of people. But one way to bring about a more intelligent attitude toward it and a more lively interest in it is by a serious body of criticism devoting itself to it. I can hardly speak too strongly on this subject. I can hardly urge upon you too insistently the great need that America has for trained criticism. The so-called "reviews" in our newspapers doubtless serve some good purpose, but it is the purpose of the publishers and the booksellers, not of the poet or of literature. The poet seeking to learn his art finds not one hint in the various discussions of contemporary verse to help him on his way. He is treated as a news item, or he is not treated at all. Of course, there are exceptions to this, but I will name no names; you can all think of them for yourselves. On the other hand, the few trained and eager critics that we have devote themselves almost exclusively to the works of authors dead and of assured fame.

"They order this matter better in France," indeed. When I was preparing my book on the French poets I read some twenty or thirty volumes of criticism all dealing with contemporary French poetry. The field of fiction is full to overflowing, the field of poetry is filling rapidly, but the field of criticism has still many corners to offer. It is along this branch that I want to see our literature grow. We the poets, need the critics as encouragers, correctors and middlemen; we, the public, need the critics to point out to us what we might otherwise miss, or seeing, fail to understand.

It used to be said that no artist could live in America. I do not believe that this is true to-day. But America will be a more sympathetic soil for the growth of art when her people take it a little more seriously.

We in America are prone to fads. And fads are always transitory. Anything that can be construed as freakish, or odd, or strange, is sure of immediate attention. And often that attention, no matter how clamorous, does scant justice to the work which arouses it. Our papers are full of discussions for and against "the new poetry," and yet I am constantly struck, in my peregrinations up and down the country, with the extremely prescribed understanding there really is about it.

Another of our American characteristics is that we are inclined to dig artistic movements up by the roots to see how they are getting on. Now, it is a melancholy truth that although America produces a great many young artists of unusual promise, she has difficulty in bringing them to a satisfactory maturity. Our literary history is strewn with clever first books. I remember that the same phenomenon was re-

Continued on page eight.